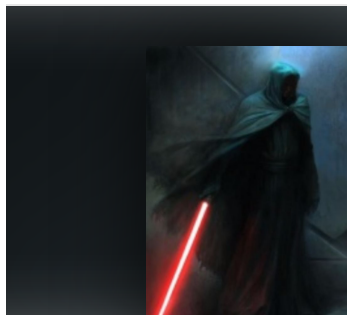




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Dark Warning for the Jedi



starwars

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Chapter 1 by Phantim

I strode into the Jedi Temple. My black robe flowing behind me, the red plasma of my lightsaber crackling as I entered through its gates. I use the force throwing the guards against the wall, easy prey. I pause and look around at the magnificence of this building. It's been too long since I walked these halls. I noticed several Jedi running towards me, I hear the sweet zipping noise as they un-sheath their sabers. But I am not here for a fight. I drop my own saber to the ground as several of them point theirs at my head. I can feel the heat pulsing against my face.

"You have a lot of nerve showing your face here sith!" said one of them.

"Tch, such anger I sense in you young knight. Remember, there is no passion," I say, teasing him.

"What do you want?" He asks, more politely this time.

"I want to see my old master. Tell Yoda, I have returned."

Chapter 2 by Phantim



Minutes later I arrive in the council chambers where several Jedi Masters awaited. I could tell they were anxious, nervous. A wry smile came across my face, I couldn't help, wouldn't even I could have. My old mentors were afraid of me, even now with my hands bound, surrounded and

outnumbered. It made me glad, a feeling I doubt they felt. Always suppressing any emotion.

Then I saw him, my old master Yoda. "Come to see me, you have," though you were dead. I didn't yet break the silence.

"Indeed my old master, I am," I say. "I have returned on Argus 5. It's a miracle I didn't die, really..." I respond.

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"Come to speak of the past, I doubt you did." Yoda responded.

"As wise as ever Yoda. I came to speak of the future, to deliver a warning. You see the darkside has been clouding your vision, each and everyone of you has been deceived. But not me... No... I see through the veil. I HAVE SEEN YOUR DESTRUCTION!" I cry out, almost challenging them to deny me. But they cannot, even now I cannot only see it in their faces, but I can feel that they know I speak the truth.

Chapter 3 by Andrew



I could feel the anger boiling up in the room, especially from a certain Jedi, a random knight in the crowd that was building up in the room. I then hear a sudden buzz noise and see the Jedi lunge at me, lightsaber blazing. I swing my head back quickly to see a blue blade fly right past my eyes. I quickly scan the room to find where they were holding my lightsaber. It was in on a Jedi's belt. I use the force to fling the lightsaber my way and catch it through the cuffs. The lightsaber turns on and I cut the cuffs off and quickly engage into combat with the Jedi.

"YOU FOOL!" I yell. I make quick work of him by flicking my wrist and the lightsaber slicing through his right arm like butter.

The Jedi screams in pain. "Enough!" Yoda yells. Several Jedi move in on me, take my lightsaber and put me in more secure cuffs. In these ones I could hardly move my hands around.

"Continue, you will with what you were saying," Yoda says queuing me to get back to the point.

Chapter 4 by Phantim



I was surprised to see Yoda actually cared. I could feel his sympathy for me as he stared at me. I had to look away.

"Yes, of course mast... Yoda. I did not come to fight. We may walk different paths, but I do not consider myself your enemy. If I may continue with---" I am interrupted by one of the very Jedi from my dream.

"No, don't trust this sith," It was master Sifo-Dyas. " He only means to stir up fear within us. Fear leads to the Darkside. mv fellow council members."

No... I could feel the energy in the room. The Jedi were tense after I had injured that weakling Jedi, but not enough to fight me. They would refuse to accept it... hide behind some

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"Discount my old apprentice so easily, you should not," Master Yoda said.

Chapter 5 by Andrew Hartmann



"Thank you Yoda," I say bowing to show appreciation. "Since it seems as I cannot persuade any of you any further, and that I have nothing left to add, I shall be leaving now."

"You actually think you can march into the Jedi Temple, attack one of us, then just leave?" One of the random Jedi in the room chimes in.

"First off, the weakling attacked me, you Jedi seem not to know your limits, and second, yes, I'm just going to leave."

The Jedi turns on his lime green lightsaber and points it in my direction.

"Not if I can help it."

"Stop!" Yoda yells, "The Jedi way, this is not, let him go, we will."

"But Mast-"

"There are not buts young Jedi" Yoda motions his hand to signal the Jedi that were holding me to lead me out of the room. The Jedi looks at me scornfully and deactivates his lightsaber.

"Maybe another day." I say looking at him deep in the eyes, obviously he wanted to kill me were I stood.

The Jedi escorted me back to my ship, which was most gratefully given to me by the Federation. The uncuff me and give me back my lightsaber, back to its rightful place. I hop in the cockpit and get the ion engines running. My astromech, R1-C4 got the reflector shields up and running in case the Jedi would play any tricks. But before they knew it, I blasted out of the atmosphere of Coruscant.

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nearby asteroid field. The other ship, a sleek black shuttle similar to mine, and tails behind me with expert precision.

"R1, Get us out of here!"

The trusty droid beeps, and unhooks our little surprise: a seismic charge. The same kind of bomb the Fetts love to use. We barely manage to escape before the entire asteroid field goes nova, exploding to dust. Whoever was following us is now ash. And then I see my destination. Tattoine, specifically the Mos Eisely. I'll be meeting some old friends, and trading some information on specific important persons. If the council won't heed me, then they might heed them. If everything works according to plan.

Chapter 7 by GeneralSh



The planet smells of bad conscious and sand. I feel the dunes shifting under my heavy footsteps, my eyes and mind set on reaching my destination.

I have a reputation that precedes my every step. Doors shut, people flee the streets. A wall of petty thugs block my way.

"I'm not here to fight you. Back off, or you'll see why people are afraid of me."

Laughter mocks me. I hate that. I draw my blade, taking up a fighter's stance, and gesture with my hand to bring it on.

The first one charges recklessly. The leader, obviously. A quick dispatch of both his arms were sufficient to pacify him. Two more came rushing on, one drawing a blaster and firing. I deflected the shot into the other thug, who collapsed and held his charred and incinerated stomach. A force push sent the shooter flying into a wall, his head smacking the wall with a satisfying crunch. The other three turn and flee, but I pursue, picking them off until the last one makes it to the Cantina. Looks like I'm about to receive a housewarming party. Oh joy.

Chapter 8 by GeneralSh



The inside of the place is a direct opposite of the outside. Instead of wide open spaces and too much damn light, the inside is a tight, dark space. Hundreds of eyes staring at me. A fight was going on, the two fighters still with their blades on each other's throats as they too stared at me.

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"Well, well.... A sith, thinking he's welcome he-" A bartender was in the process of saying something when he had a hole punched through his head with a blade. My contact.

A mandalorian, he calls himself Dre'lar'ak, which isn't in his native tongue. He wears the traditional mandalorian armor, except for other additions he's collected and added over the years, including a high-tech helmet with multiple eyepieces that allows him to both predict enemy movement and have a HUD that allows him to detect everything from surrounding enemies to the toxicity of the air. He steps forward, his cloak swaying with each step, and holds out his hand. With anyone else, he would have been asking for money. But not with me. I shake his hand, smiling inwards, scanning the room.

"So the great and powerful must resort to the "decadent scum" of the underworld, eh? I thought you were through with this." He said, his voice distorted from his mask. He sounded like a radio with bad frequency, scratchy and dark. Even i shiver when he speaks. I shrug it off, and nod.

"Times are tough. You are tougher. I'm going to call on that favor that-"

"I repaid that on Argus 5."

"This is different. The council-"

"The council? This must be big. I expect a great payment when we're through."

I sigh loudly, but he doesn't grab the hint, the thick bastard. "My corusant account should pay."

"It was seized two weeks ago."

"Try the Kashyyk one."

"Ten thousand credits... I'm in. Where do we go?"

I grin evilly, nodding at the bar. "First things first. No witnesses. I'll send for transport."

As I walk outside, the sound of screams, followed by scratchy laughter and gunfire fill the air.

Chapter 9 by SuperFolder Ghostbuster



A group of mercenaries are striking from the rooftops at republic soldiers. Dre'lar'ak and I debate on who we should help. I tell him that we should help the mercenaries because I recognized the group before. They work for a hutt named Lebogno, who Dre'lar'ak works for in

his spare time. Dre'lar'ak finally agreed with me as we attacked the republic soldiers. Once the firefight was over, I ask the mercenaries to stay in that bar because we can't leave any witnesses and that they should pay them back from my Lothal account. They accepted and killed every

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